

*The Historie of*

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmill far,  
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull  
As mines of India: shall I tell you, coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humour, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aloue,  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:  
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Hor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your coming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience:  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain,  
The least of which, hanging a noble man,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a staine  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,  
Here come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

*Henry*

Shee'll be a souldier too, shee'll

*Mor.* Good father tell her,  
Shall follow in your conduct

*Glendower speakes to her*  
*him in*

*Glen.* Shee is desperate here  
A peeuis selfe wilde harlotrie  
good vpon.

*The Lady speakes*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy loo  
Which thou powrest downe  
I am too perfect in, and but for  
In such a parley should I answer

*The Lady againe*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kif  
And that's a feeling disputation  
But I will never be a truant loue  
Till I haue learn'd thy language  
Makes Welsh as sweete as dittie  
Sung by a faire Queene in a tune  
With rauishing diuision to her

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then

*The Lady speakes*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it

*Glen.* She bids you on the  
And rest your gentle head vpon  
And she will sing the song that  
And on your eyelids crowne  
Charming your blood with p  
Making such difference twixt  
As is the difference betwixt d  
The houre before the heauen  
Begins his golden progresse

*Mor.* With all my heart, I  
By that time will our booke

*Glen.* Do so, and those M  
Hang in the ayre a thousand  
And straight they shall be heard